

# *Sketch*

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## Old Fear

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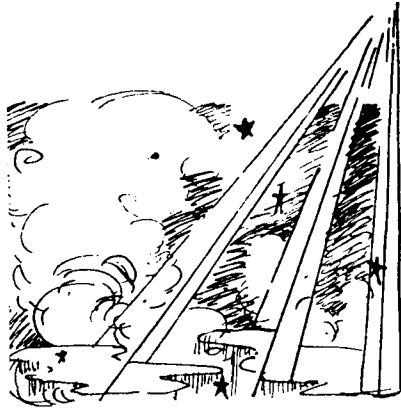
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# Old Fear

Jeanette Fowler

## **Abstract**

The three of you sat there— And the two boys talked, Just to each other. How could you sit near him? Don't you fear nearness WThen it holds you and pushes you?...



## *OLD FEAR*

The three of you sat there—  
And the two boys talked,  
Just to each other.  
How could you sit near him?  
Don't you fear nearness  
When it holds you and pushes you?

Girl: I was reading my book.  
It's just that his look  
Fell warm on my face—  
And I . . . lost my place.

Cold books are safe, so safe.  
Why do you keep the distance they give you?  
Were you always afraid?

Girl: Always, always  
The warm, gold ray—  
With lumens of gold,  
Fluid in sun,  
Lovely to hold—  
Stops where I touch it.  
—Jeanette Fowler, *Sci. Jr.*